

The Janesville Daily Gazette.

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Illinois should extinguish its Sparks.

There are four Democratic parties in New York city.

In this senatorial contest, the Oshkosh Northwestern has our sympathy. Its symptoms are bad and growing worse.

The sales of oysters during the present season will amount to nearly five million dollars in New York city alone.

The Hon. A. L. Ackerman, who at one time was President Grant's attorney-general, died in Georgia on Wednesday.

If there is no hope for Mr. Keyes' election to the Senate, the Sawyer men seem to borrow considerable trouble over the former's candidacy.

Those "dear friends" who are making cabinets for General Garfield are surprised to observe that the President-elect takes no notice of what they are doing for him.

Many of the leading and most influential temperance advocates in the State are supporting Mr. Keyes for the Senate. They have the strongest possible reasons to take this course.

The Janesville common council never got so low in debate as the House of Representatives at Washington did last Tuesday. Oaths and threats filled the House, when Sparks and Weaver got mad, and the members gathered about them as boys would about a dog fight on the street.

There was not much difference in the receipts of Sarah Bernhardt's engagements in New York and Boston, counting two weeks for each. Her first week in New York was \$23,882, and in Boston \$22,204. Her last week in New York was \$27,935, and in Boston, \$25,953. The total for Bernhardt in New York for eleven performances was \$21,857, and in Boston, \$49,157.

The estimated cost of the street decorations in Washington at Garfield's inaugural, is placed at \$15,000 by the committee appointed to act in the matter. There will be thirty-eight arches over Pennsylvania avenue, each representing a State. The executive mansion will be illuminated by 100 large lanterns and 1,500 candles, beside numerous gas lights.

The report is circulating that there will be some trouble between General Sherman and President Hayes on account of what the former has publicly said about the latter. The trouble grew out of the report that the President would retire Sherman to make room for General Grant as captain general of the army. And gossip has it, the subject has created mutual dislike between Sherman and Grant.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway company have made arrangements to build a branch line running north from Mazomanie, a Dane county station on their Prairie du Chien division to Sauk City and Prairie du Sac, in Sauk county. Leading citizens of the two latter villages have subscribed \$200,000 in aid of the undertaking, and donated lands for right of way and depot grounds. The road will probably cross the Wisconsin river at a point just south of Sauk City, although rumor hath it that the crossing will be effected farther down that stream, and that the line will pass west of the Sauk villages on a direct route to Baraboo, which point it is doubtless the desire of the company to reach. It is the opinion of men here in positions to know that the real object of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul people is to connect Baraboo and Portage City by rail, and thus open a competing line for the accommodation of the productive Baraboo Valley. As it is now, the Chicago & Northwestern road has a monopoly of the traffic in this section.

It used to be said by a well-known citizen of Janesville who is still with us, that there was only one church in the city which was able to declare dividends to its members. We have heard of another church in Franklinville, which is not only self-sustaining, but which has declared a dividend of \$50 on each share of \$25. Mr. Smith became tired of paying up old church debts, and he suggested a plan to make the church at Franklinville a paying institution. He bought an old meeting-house for \$800. A joint-stock company with a capital of \$2,500 was formed. Twenty-five members paid \$25 each. Every person living a pew was presented with a share of the stock. When the meeting-house was purchased and paid for, there was \$2,000 in the treasury. Mr. Smith then gave his financial ability full scope. He got up a show, which lasted for six days, and cleared \$750. He next got up a series of entertainments, engaging luminous speakers, concert companies, expositions of Masonry, bands of minstrels and the like. He made \$100 clear out of each entertainment, and at the end of the year he found the church treasury blessed with a fund of \$7,500. Out of this a dividend of \$50 per share was declared on shares which cost only \$25. It is said the secret of Mr. Smith's success in running the Franklinville church was that he wasted no money on ministers, Sunday schools, or other religious extravaganzas. What he wanted to prove, and what he did prove, was that a church could be made to pay financially.

THE STATE HOSPITAL INVESTIGATION.

The special committee provided for by a resolution adopted by the last Legislature, to investigate the management of the State hospital for the insane, has finished its work and its report is in the hands of Governor Smith. The attention of the public has been frequently called to the extravagant and unbusiness-like manner of managing the affairs of this important hospital. But those in authority at the institution, denounced all such charges as false, and pronounced them a libel on the hospital. There were some men in the Legislature last winter and the winter previous, who had the best of reasons to believe that there was a good deal of crookedness about the management of the hospital; and one of the chief movers in the work of starting an investigation to settle the matter once and for all, was Senator Richardson of this city. A special committee consisting of Senator George E. Sutherland, of Fond du Lac, Joseph B. McGraw, of Richland Center, and Patrick H. Smith, of Sheboygan, were appointed by Governor Smith, to investigate these charges. For several months the committee has been engaged more or less of the time in taking testimony, and their conclusions have been made public, and are much to the discredit of those who have had the management of the State hospital in hand.

In regard to the treatment of patients the committee finds no fault. But in speaking of the business management of the institution the committee says:

"The management of the business affairs of the hospital, both on the part of the Board of Trustees and on the part of the resident officers, has been such as to be highly unsatisfactory. The Board of Trustees consists of most worthy and estimable men, but there has been a culpable lack of close and sharp supervision on their part, and even a want of knowledge of what has been transpiring at the hospital."

Of course the committee does not charge the management with dishonesty, but with gross carelessness, for reporting the management of the hospital all right, when in fact it was all wrong; for saying in their annual reports that the accounts of the institution were correct, when as a matter of fact they were grossly incorrect; and for reporting the general affairs of the hospital to be properly conducted when they actually knew little or nothing about them. The chief objections found against the management are these:

1. There has been no regular and business-like method of auditing accounts. All their business has been done in a slipshod fashion.
2. There has been no correct plan of purchasing supplies for the hospital. In this particular things have been run at loose ends.
3. Goods have been purchased at retail prices when they could have been bought at wholesale prices, thus saving much to the State.
4. There has been no regular system of bookkeeping, and consequently the accounts have been kept in a very unreliable manner, and in one instance twenty-five mistakes were found, involving an amount of \$1,800.
5. The money sent from parents and friends to the inmates for Christmas presents, and so on, and which fell into the hands of the superintendent, has been managed in such a way as to make it impossible to tell whether it has been honestly used or not.
6. Extravagant outlays have been the order of the day. If a thing was "nice," whether it was needed or not, it was purchased no matter what it cost, and to prove this point, the committee give some laughable illustrations, and among them we find \$25.50 paid for a female dog, \$30.00 for seven chickens, and \$100.00 for attending the State fair!
7. The superintendent wanted a new barn for the hospital, and \$1,000 was appropriated for the same. The first bill of lumber amounted to \$1,500, and the barn cost over \$8,000. This fact shows how reckless the management has been in contracting debts without authority of law.
8. The "cross wings" of the hospital were built in 1879 at a cost of \$20,000 without any authority whatever.
9. Peter Gardner, once a steward of the hospital, left the institution with a shortage in his account of \$1,700, and yet the board never attempted to save the State from loss, never tried to get the amount from Gardner's bondsmen, and never reported the loss to the Governor or the Legislature.
10. There has been a constant tendency to spend money in unauthorized ways, and to manage the institution as if the board owned the hospital and the funds were inexhaustible.
11. The cost of supporting the insane is too much, the cost per week for each person being from \$4.25 to \$4.75.
12. Looking at the management as it now exists, the committee believes two things are radically wrong in the system—first, the union of the medical and business departments; second, the employment of an unpaid board of trustees.
13. The committee close the report by saying: "In closing our report we are compelled to say that we believe the best interests of the State and of the hospital, whose affairs it has been our unpleasant duty to investigate, will be promoted by an entire change in the managing officers of the institution."

Our friends at Madison have sometimes thought the Gazette was too severe in its criticisms on the management of the State hospital for the insane, but the report of the special committee proves that the Gazette's criticisms were exceedingly mild compared with what the management deserved.

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THEY MEAN BUSINESS.

The Oklahoma Colony Have Camped for the Winter.

The Border Merchants Favor the Colony With Liberal Subscriptions.

And do So to Prevent the Cattle Combination Getting Control of the Territory.

Senator Edmunds Drops a Remark Concerning the Electoral Count.

Failure of the Bourbon Conspiracy to Defeat Judge Woods' Confirmation.

Death of Ex-Attorney General Ackerman, of Georgia.

A Fatal Quarrel Between Two Kentucky Farmers Near Louisville.

Enthusiastic Reception of Bernhardt, at Montreal.

Other Interesting State and Miscellaneous News.

THEY MEAN BUSINESS.

The Oklahoma Colony Have Camped for the Winter.

CALDWELL, Kas., Dec. 22.—Another blizzard sat in to-day, the snow falling fast. The boomers have been active all day, making themselves comfortable for the winter. The colony meeting to-day, resolved that they would remain in camp and maintain their organization. Leave of absence was granted men to go home to spend the holidays. Since the colony came to this place over two hundred men have joined and hold themselves ready to move at any time.

A complete change in the sentiment of the merchants of the border towns has taken place in regard to opening the territory. They to-day subscribed over one thousand dollars in provisions to aid the colony. A prominent merchant, that has heretofore opposed the movement, made a liberal subscription and said: "I am now opening, for I see two or three cattle combinations are getting control of the territory and excluding small owners, and these monopolies buy their goods in the East and do not patronize us."

Parties familiar with the early history of Kansas, say this is a deep-seated movement and not a game of bluff. Most of the colony will repair to their homes for the holidays, but each one signs a pledge to return and bring with him new members after the holidays. It is believed that after Christmas the colony officers will adopt the plan of sending men in from all points, and let the army bring them out, when they will go in again and again. These men are earnest and determined. It is evidenced by the fact that in midwinter such a number can be found that for weeks will camp along the border.

THE ELECTORAL COUNT.

Senator Edmunds' Assertion Regarding the Electoral Count.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 22.—Senator Edmunds' remark, at the close of Senator Morgan's speech against allowing the Vice President to count the electoral vote to-day, has caused considerable comment, and is considered very significant. Senator Edmunds is known to both parties never to speak lightly or without reflection. His dogmatic assertion, therefore, has set the Democrats to thinking. He declared that when the time came to count the electoral vote to-day, he would be counted, whether the House of Representatives should participate or not, and it, as all believed it should be found that Garfield and Arthur had been lawfully elected, they would be so declared.

The question raised is: Suppose the House refuses to meet with the Senate or to ask the Senate to meet with them, and the President declares Garfield and Arthur elected. While they will undoubtedly be so de facto, there will be no memorial precedent that will not have been observed, viz.: The declaration will not appear upon the records of the House, and the next Congress cannot amend the records of its predecessor.

Davy Crockett, December 24.

JUDGE WOODS.

Failure of the Bourbon Conspiracy to Defeat His Confirmation.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 22.—The petty opposition of some very narrow-minded, bigoted northern senators to the confirmation of Judge Woods as justice of the supreme court proved unsuccessful, and to-day, in executive session, the motion to reconsider the vote of yesterday, by which he was confirmed, was laid upon the table after ten minutes' session. Judge Woods' confirmation was thus accomplished. The smaller Senators who have been pursuing him with the sectional and business spirit that he was a carpet bagger, evidently hoped by moving to reconsider, that there would not be a quorum present to-day, that, consequently, the case would go over until after new year's, and that, during the recess, something would turn up to assist them in finally defeating him.

Henry Van Nortwick, of Toledo, Ohio, says: "A friend prevailed upon me to try an 'Only Lang Pad,' and I obtained immediate relief from a racking cough. I know that the Lang Pad helped me."

A KENTUCKY TRAGEDY.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., December 22.—A special to the Courier-Journal says: "Elizabethtown, a quiet and somewhat aristocratic neighborhood of Howe's Valley, fifteen miles from here, was yesterday and is to-day the scene of the wildest excitement on account of a terrible tragedy enacted there yesterday, and which may yet prove a double one. David J. Carter, an old and reputable citizen, and 'Bud' Harrington, also a highly respectable citizen, both farmers in good circumstances, the former about 55 years old and the latter about 35, had a lawsuit about the settlement of some of the outstanding accounts between them, which was heard yesterday, and after its hearing it became the subject of conversation between the litigants, when from words came blows, and Harrington drew a pistol and shot Carter, the ball entering his mouth and coming out the back of his neck. Young Carter a son of the wounded man, ran home, and returned with a double-barreled shot gun, both barrels of which he discharged into the body of Harrington, apparently killing him instantly. He fell seemingly lifeless and perfectly still where he had fallen, but the old man Carter seized a smith's sledge lying near, and walked up to the remains deliberately crushed the head of the victim, and then fell over him, apparently in a dying condition. The wounded Carter and the remains of Harrington now lie in the same house, that of Mr. Randolph, one awaiting the coroner and the other the result of wounds."

Davy Crockett, December 24.

BERNHARDT.

MONTREAL, Dec. 22.—Bernhardt arrived to-night, and was met at the station by an immense concourse of French Canadians, who cheered wildly. The band in attendance struck up the Marseillaise, and the people joined in the chorus with stirring effect. On landing the spectators crowded round the object of their enthusiasm, and some roughs made use of expressive not fit for ears polite. A sleigh being in readiness, she was driven to the Windsor hotel, around which another rough throng had gathered, and where the roughs behaved with great liberty. Entering the hotel, she immediately retired to her apartments, which consist of six elegantly-fitted rooms on the second floor. A party of French Canadian gentlemen of this city accompanied by noted members of the press, went to St. Albans to-day on a special train to meet Mlle. Bernhardt. On their arrival they were introduced, and Louis Frechette, the Canadian poet, read a poem he had composed in her honor, warmly eulogizing her brilliant talent, and the expected obligations for so much attention, and entered into conversation with the party.

Davy Crockett, December 24.

NATIONAL BANKS.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 22.—Mr. Bayard introduced a bill to-day to amend the National bank law. It proposes to amend section 5171, revised statutes, so that any banking association making the required deposit of bonds shall be entitled to receive circulating notes equal to but not to exceed 90 per centum of the par value of the bonds deposited, and that no time shall the total amount of circulating notes so issued exceed the amount actually paid in of its capital stock. It is also proposed to repeal section 5176, revised statutes, which provides that no banking association organized subsequent to July 12, 1870, shall have a circulation in excess of \$5,000,000.

Davy Crockett, December 24.

A. L. ACKERMAN.

ATLANTA, Ga., Dec. 22.—A. L. Ackerman died at his home at Cartersville last night after a week's sickness of inflammatory rheumatism. He was Attorney-General with President Grant during his first term, and was the leader of the Republican party in Georgia.

Davy Crockett, December 24.

RUN OVER.

MILWAUKEE, Dec. 22.—A milkman named Stammer, residing a short distance south of this city, was struck by a freight engine on the Northwestern road this afternoon, and fatally injured. His wagon was totally demolished.

Davy Crockett, December 24.

A lady said she wasn't exactly engaged but saw a cloud on the horizon about the size of a man's head, when a cloud of horrible fumes develop upon through Dyspeptic Aliments, try Spring Blossom. For sale by A. J. Roberts, and Croft & Sherr.

A Scholar's Advice to a School Girl.

From the Chicago Advance.
Some fourteen years ago, the young niece of a lady from whom we got the story, was introduced by her escort to a gentleman and left in his care for awhile. The stranger, finding she was returning from school asked about her reading. She owned that it was almost entirely fiction. He expressed regret about this, and asked if she would allow him to give her a list of books which, he was sure, she would find of interest. She willingly assented, and he wrote out the names of twenty works on different subjects. The young lady thought the titles looked rather unpromising, but when her companion went through the list, giving her a synopsis of each with so much clearness and enthusiasm that her interest was thoroughly roused, she readily promised to read them, and, what is more, kept the promise and began a new life mentally from that time. "And what did you say was the name of the gentleman?" asked her aunt when she told her of the circumstance. "General Garfield," Army, General James A.

Garfield. Have you never heard of him?" "No, I do not think I ever have."

"Well, you may depend upon it you will hear of him sometime. And she has heard of him."

Davy Crockett, December 24.

A Mirage on the Virginia Coast.

[From the Norfolk Virginian.]
In Watchogue inlet, off the county of Accomac, on the morning of November 1, about 20 fishing boats were riding at anchor. The sun rose behind a thick fog-bank. Presently the fog grew thinner until a few pale rays shot up above. All the crews were busy at their lines, when a shout from one of the boats was heard. A grand transformation scene had occurred in a single minute. Apparently not a quarter of a mile away lay the island of Chincoteague, with its tall white tower, its dwellings, its trees and shrubbery, and a little boy driving a flock of sheep along the shore, and even a little girl sitting in the door of the light-keeper's house with a doll in her arms. In another minute another fog-bank rose up between them and the shore, shutting out from their vision their own houses. Imagining that some unaccountable and mysterious influence had suddenly transported them 20 miles from where they actually were, they broke anchorage in the greatest consternation, many of them in their fright steering directly out to sea. An hour afterward the mist vanished and the sun shone out. The mirage had disappeared, but there was no more fishing on that day.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Davy Crockett, December 24.

BEHNHARDT.

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I WISH YOU

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Christmas

And if you do not believe it,

come in and we will show you

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er saw. We have received with-

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E. T. FOOTE,

Three Doors West of the Post-

Office, Janesville, Wis.

SPECIALTIES

AT

WHELOCK'S

Crocery Store.

Minton's "Grey Bell" Dinner, Breakfast and Tea Set combined, 15 pieces, \$100.00. Brown Cypress Set, 100 pieces, \$100.00. "Indies" (Siam) from India 149 pieces, \$20.00. "Ten Sets" London Hand, 50 pieces, \$20.00. Band China Tea Set, 50 pieces. One dozen China Plates, Fruit center, colored edge, assorted, in elegant case, \$20.00. One dozen China Plates, Fruit center, assorted colors on edge, smaller size, \$2.50. One dozen China Plates, Fruit center, colored edges, deep, for Oat Meal, \$2.00. "Toys" Group of Statuary "Cheerers at the Farm," Weighing the Baby, "Favored Scholar," "Parting Promise," "Photograph Fair."

Davy Crockett, December 24.

Low Priced Desirable Goods

From 75c to \$1.00, viz: Lap Bourde, Volting Tables, Crumb Brush and Tray, Child's "Baby" Crib, Silver Kettle, Fork and Spoon, "Gladys" Baskets, Nigger Shave Bowl, Tea Trays, Bird Cages, Leather, Elegant Glass and Silver Vases 6 inches high, Silver and Glass Butter Dishes, Silver and Glass Pickle Casters, Silver Fruit Knives, Marble Top Scales, 100 Tea Pot Stands, Nickel Plated, 5 Bottle Casters, 3 Box Wire Casters, New Wash Sets in 6 colors, \$5.00. China Wash Sets, 12 pieces, elegant decoration, \$25.00. Vase, Cologne Sets, Dishes, Toys, etc.

Davy Crockett, December 24.

FURNITURE!

FOR THE

HOLIDAY TRADE!

Bottom Prices at

BRITTON & KIMBALL'S

We will sell until further orders, a fine Black Walnut Marble Top Chamber Suite, 13x40 plate, Double Decks, Slipper Drawers, all complete for \$45.

A Fine 7 piece Parlor Suite, Plush Bands, top and bottom, large patent Rockers, for \$55.

Are receiving daily a fine lot of Holiday Goods at low prices.

Call and pick out your presents and have them set aside. We will give you figures on goods of all kinds that can't be beat.

Extension Tables \$5.00 these prices are for cash. Children's Sleds, Express Wagons, Toy Furniture for the little folk, and good substantial Furniture for the big folk.

UNDERTAKERS.

Fontenay Experience.

NEXT TO THE P. O. - JANESVILLE, WIS.

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DOD AND DAN.

Our folks and Mr. Gregory's haven't got on very well together till lately, though they've been our next door neighbors for four or five years.

Near as I can find out, the trouble began about a monkey. Mr. Gregory said that people hadn't any business to keep such mischievous animals! But if they had any sense, they'd get rid of 'em. I'd like to know it!

It was all Mr. Gregory's fault, anyway. You wouldn't hardly think that a long-legged, stiff-backed man with a white beard—a party that's forgot how to smile—would party with a monkey with a stick now would you?

Well, that's what Mr. Gregory did. He said he did it to please the twins. O, yes, but I notice since then, looking at that old man, he just went for the old of Mr. Gregory's legs as lively as the cat for anybody's—just as I told Mr. G. just now.

Laugh! Well, who could help it? I didn't know that Mr. Gregory had any joint in his back bone before. And you'd have laughed to have heard him holler and see him skip round on one leg.

He didn't come near the house for ever so long after that. But one day, a while, he sent Dod & Dan over of a morning to say with his compliments, that if Miss Ellen—that's sister Nell—would cease practicing that frivolous dance music for a little while, so he could collect his thoughts while he was looking over the Sunday-school lesson, he'd be much obliged.

Some girls would up and get mad right off, whether they was a church member or not. But that's not the way I believe in the kind of a Christian she is. She fits it right into the little places in life. Nell always used to shut the piano right up without a word, when he sent over that way.

"Mr. Gregory is one of my disciplinians," she said, laughing, once—and I should think he was. It's all over now, but he used to be catching her up all the time on the foolish things, just because she was teacher in the Sunday-school, where he is superintendent. He'd tell some one, that he didn't think it was quite consistent for a church member to go into company where there was dancing or whist. And he didn't exactly approve of croquet. And he was particularly down on Nell's rowing about the harbor an hour or two every day—he thought a young lady seventeen years old might be a bit out of place, he said. Of course, this was said to Nell's ears and she'd feel real bad about it for a while, but mother'd comfort her up and tell her it would all come out right some day—only be patient. If it hadn't been for her I'd a given Mr. Gregory a piece of my mind, now I tell you. But mother was right as usual, and I'm—and I'm glad now I held my tongue.

But I'd like to know which was worse—for Sim to bite Mr. Gregory's leg or for those twins to get our pig dead drunk? Come, now! You see, that year they didn't keep a pig and we did. So Mrs. Gregory, who's just as clever as the day is long, used to send a pail of stale bread and things, over for him every day. Well, one Saturday afternoon she went down town and forgot all about it. So Dod and Dan thought they'd take the business into their own hands. Dod got a loaf of cake out of the buttery, and Dan poured some of Mrs. Gregory's nice currant wine over it. Then they mashed it all up in a pail, and put it in our pig's trough without saying a word to anybody. I was out walking. When I got back, I found the trough was pretty howdy—you do round the pig pen. The folks had found poor piggie laying on his side, for all the world as though he was dead. Father and I got him out on the grass, but he didn't seem to breathe, hardly. He'd kick one leg a little once in a while, but that was all. Mother said maybe he was colic, and wanted to give him Jamaica ginger. But Mr. Gregory Bates, that boards with us, and is studying for a doctor, said no—it seemed more like an apoplectic fit. And finally he thought he'd bleed him, so he cut the tip end of his tail off, which they say is the only way of bleeding a pig. But poor piggie didn't notice it a bit, so at last we gave it up and left him for dead.

But I thought there was considerable life in him next morning, after I'd chased him through the bean patch, and over the onion bed three or four times, before I cornered him! We couldn't imagine what the trouble was till Mrs. Gregory came to miss the cake and wine—then she made Dod and Dan own up. They said they only did it for fun. I guess the pig didn't see where the trouble came in. However, he went grunting round the pen for a day or two, squealing every once in a while just as though he was mad about something. And no wonder.

The next Sunday morning after this happened, Mrs. Gregory got the twins ready for church and they looked real nice, with their little light suits just exactly alike. As the boys walked toward the church, from which, as the boys say, "Don't go away from the yard, boys!" I heard Mrs. Gregory say, as she let 'em out—They'd better have told 'em to go—they'd have been twice as likely to have staid round the house. Seems as though Dod and Dan Gregory was possessed to do just what they hadn't ought to. It wasn't five minutes from the time Mrs. Gregory shut the door, before they were down to the water and Dan tumbled overboard the very first thing—clothes and all. Dod tried to reach him and over he went, too.

Luckily for them it was low tide and only a couple of inches of water on the flats. But such a sight as those young ones were when they got out! They came roaring up the hill hold of hands, plastered with mud from head to toe. Dan had lost his hat and Dod his shoe. The way Mrs. Gregory walked 'em in to the house wasn't slow, I tell you. She put 'em both into the big bath-tub and at once turned on the water. After they were scrubbed they began to squabble, first thing. Dod hit Dan with the hair brush, and Dan kicked Dod in the stomach. Then they both caught it good. The bath-room windows were open, and we got all the benefit of the noise.

I told Nell she might send over her compliments and say that if the twins would ease up a little on their frivolous music so she could collect her thoughts for the Sunday-school lesson, that she'd be much obliged. But she only shook her head at me, and when the bell rang she said, "Off for church."

Mother wasn't very well that morning, and I staid home. I watched Nell off and couldn't help thinking how pretty she looked in her walking suit—everything to match, and she made it all her own self, too. Best of it is, Nell's as good as she is pretty.

Well, after Mr. Gregory went out there was a lull. Good reason for it. Dan was tied to the bed post and Dan to the other. Mrs. Gregory said that one day in the week she liked to read her chapter in peace, and if the boys

were right under her eye, tied, she knew that they couldn't do anything worse than make up faces. "But when my boys are good," she told mother once, "they're as well behaved as any one's." I'd like to see 'em that way just once, they must look funny.

After a while, they begged so hard, that Mrs. Gregory untied 'em, but told 'em that they mustn't set their foot outside the front door. Well, they didn't. But the minute she went up stairs again they stepped out the back way. I saw their little striped legs going it down hill like fun. "The twins are on the rampage again, mother," I called out, laughing, but I was reading "Tom's Hatched" on the piazza and forgot all about them in a little while. Along toward noon it began to cloud up and look black in the west. I started for the church with Nell's water-proof rubbers, but half way there I saw her. I saw Nell herself come out of the vestry door walking quick and before I could call to her she ran down to the shore, jumped into Murray Peter's boat and began to pull away like mad for the mouth of the harbor.

"What on earth," I began, when all at once I saw a dory tossing up and down quite a ways off and it flashed into my mind that the twins had gone ashore, and so they had, in old Mr. Thompson's dory, with the wind and tide setting it right out to sea!

Before I got to the house a thunder squall came out of the westward, all screaming, wind and rain, thunder and lightning. It was black as ink and the air was full of pieces of branches and logs.

After started for the shore bare-headed and in his shirt sleeves, but he couldn't get a man to put a boat off for love or money. "The squall will blow over in a little while, Square," old Harry Morgan said, "but a man 'ud be crazy to put off while it's a screelint like this." All the same though, they said that Bates had to be held by main force from launching a dory, though he didn't know the first thing about handling one.

I staid with mother. She isn't one of the kind that makes a fuss. She went right into her bedroom and shut the door. She always does when she's in trouble. Pretty soon she came out white as chalk, but quiet and calm. Only when she walked to the windows and looked out into the storm, I saw her clench her hands together. All she said though, was half to herself, "Call upon me in the time of trouble and I will deliver thee, saith the Lord." And that's just what she'd been doing.

Then in comes Mrs. Gregory wringing her hands and going on terribly. Mr. Gregory followed right after her, and I tell you the starch was taken out of him (I'm serious). "Our children," he began, but broke right down. And I pitied him for all I was thinking so much of some one else. I suppose they felt as bad about the twins as we about our Nell.

The wind began to slack a bit, so Mr. Gregory and I started for the wharf, where father with lots of others was bundled under the lee of a night house, looking off to sea. It was blowing all feather white over the bar at the harbor mouth—ah, it looked cruel, what with the black waves and all.

"There's a tug," hollers old Newell, who's got an eye like a hawk, "headin' in for the harbor she is, too."

"Perhaps we can charter her, Mr. Gregory," says father, his voice all of a tremble; but Mr. Gregory only nodded and kept walking up and down the wharf.

Of a sudden, Bates, who'd got a spy-glass somewhere and was watching the tug, gave a regular yell, like he was crazy. "They're safe—hooray—thank God!" he hollered, all in one breath.

I thought it was curious that he should think so much of the twins all at once, but when he ran at father and began to hug him, I began to mistrust that he might have somebody else in his mind.

There didn't much grass grow under my feet before they had the good news at the house, you may be sure. And when about a half an hour after, Nell herself came running in, there was a regular scene. Father sniffed and mother cried, and that great spoony of a Bates looked right at Nell and lost a bit of his hair, and her hair was all flying and she was drenched through, but it was Nell. When she got her dry things on and came down stairs again there was another scene. But I'd like to know what Bates whispered to make her color up, so she didn't blush one bit when the Gregory's came in and said they had no words to express their thanks—all that. Best of all, when she told Mr. Gregory, he began to beg her pardon, and she said, for his past unchristian behavior; but she hushed him right up.

Nell said afterward, that she happened to be looking out the vestry window while they were singing and saw the boat adrift with the twins in it. She set out to give the alarm, but she thought to herself that if she could row off and get 'em, Mr. Gregory would see that her healing practice was something of a hoax, and she'd got her side 'em just as the squall struck and to let her own boat go. She kept the dory along before the wind till it moderated and then the tug picked them all up and brought them in safe.

Mr. Gregory's an old trump, after all, and I'm not mad at him any more. He had just the neatest little boat built for Nell in Portland, ever you saw. Cedar wood, copper fastened, with velvet cushions and everything complete. I like it, it is named her the "Gemini." But you can't get Dod or Dan without a gunshot of the water now; so their sea voyage did 'em that good. But there isn't any more unpleasantness about our folks and Mr. Gregory's. No sir.

A sensation of weight and oppression at the chest. With sticking at the Larynx, which scarcely gives you rest. Full hard pulse, salt taste and tongue very white. Be sure and take Spring Blossom and then you will be right.

Said by A. J. Roberts and Croft & Sherer.

The funeral of Miss Clara Bagnall recently took place from her mother's residence, Indianapolis, N. B. The story of her sad life should be a warning to practical jokers. Several years ago, while the deceased was but a girl, a gentleman of her acquaintance thought he would play a joke on her, would imagine for a moment that he would resign so seriously as it did. He arrayed himself in a diabolical rig and presented himself before her. She was naturally of a weak and nervous temperament and the shock that her nerves experienced by the frightful apparition proved too much for her. She fell in a fit only to awake a raving maniac. For five or six years her friends managed to keep her quiet until her health began to fail, when they very reluctantly decided upon sending her to an asylum. She lingered there for some time until the angel of death appeared and relieved her of her suffering.—Toronto Mail.

Answers to Correspondents.

In reply to the many inquiries which we have received regarding a most prom-

inent modern remedy we would say: To the best of our belief Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure is pure in its nature, efficient in its action and certainly its equal. We have laid out a course of remarkable figures which has effected, and believe that as a preventive of disease it is unequalled. For delicate ladies and enfeebled men it is invaluable, and its pure vegetable qualities commend it to the favor and use of all.

The Harz.

The district known as the Harz is the old Hercynian forest of which Caesar has left such terrifying accounts, strangely at variance with its modest aspect. It covers an area of seventy miles by thirty and divides itself into the Upper and Lower Harz. Both have beauties of their own. The Upper Harz is wilder, its rock scenery more grotesque, its water-scooped valleys more sombre and precipitous, pines and fir trees clothe its mountain sides in thicker pride. The Lower Harz, on the other hand, is gentler and softer of aspect; there are more fields and pastures, the distance is less visible and furnish a less confined perspective; the hills are lower, the mountainous character less pronounced. For this is a curious feature about the Harz, that although its highest mountain, the Brocken, is only 3,700 feet high, yet the whole region has a remarkably Alpine character as regards vegetation and meteorological phenomena. Indeed, this little district has a character all its own, underground, on the ground and overground, and it is because it is one of the most interesting of unsolved geological problems; and for the lover of mineralogy and the student of geology here is a fine field for working with the hammer. The mineral wealth of the Harz is proverbial; its gnomes and kobolds live in legendary lore; its minerals are designated by Mr. Kuskin as the aristocrats of their genus. This quaint expression is not far from the mark among minerals as among men and that you "may recognize the high caste and breeding of these crystals, wherever you meet them, and know at once they are Harz born." He further adds: "If you want to see the graceful and happiest caprices of which dust is capable you must go to the Harz, not that I ever mean to go there myself, because I want to retain the romantic feeling about the place."

This romantic feeling clings around what we have called its overground characteristics; the witch and wild huntsman associations which linger around its name. The Harz is the home of all the weird legends of North Germany, the scene of Goethe's "Walpurgis Night," the home of cloud myths and storms. The lover of legends will become almost satisfied here; every rock, every hill, every prominent spot, has its story.—London Society.

He kissed the tip of his fingers at a girl across the street. And the foot of her big brother, raised him clean from off his feet. He picked himself up and went straight home, though his bones they ached with pain. He rubbed Electric Oil—well in, he's well, but won't kiss his fingers again. For sale by A. J. Roberts, and Croft & Sherer.

A Notable Instance of Fasting.

In view of the experiment of Dr. Fanner, of New York, in his attempt to fast forty days, a case which I heard of in 1873, while a patient of Dr. Finner, in his Hygienic Home at Wilmington, Del., was of interest to your readers: A Mrs. H., a small lady with dark complexion, who was a visitor at the above health institute, accompanied by a daughter, who was received as a patient, informed me that twenty years before she was a hopeless dyspeptic, suffering all the terms used by her physicians, when a new physician, a health-reformer, who in those days, as a class, were noted for their "heroic treatment," undertook the treatment of her case, if she would follow implicitly his instructions, encouraging her with his firm opinion that she would be cured as a result. Believing that she must die in any event—she concluded she consented to his terms, which were in brief, to abstain from food until he should order otherwise. The second and third days of her fast she suffered excessively from hunger, after which she felt no desire for food. Her tongue soon began to swell and gather a slimy coating, which continued for twenty days, during which time she exercised more or less daily, as her strength would permit. On the twenty-first day the coating came off her tongue in a mass, leaving it in a comparatively normal condition; her physician then ordered her a little rice water, and by degrees she reached a generous diet, and found to her great joy that all her old dyspeptic symptoms had disappeared, and that her enjoyment of food was as intense and natural as she could desire. She stated, however, that ever since her recovery she had been obliged to exercise care in her diet, as her stomach had not recovered its original tone and elasticity, which could hardly be expected. In conclusion, I have always considered this a remarkable case and fully believe in the truthfulness, as does Dr. Heald; and there are undoubtedly others here in Boston who know of it, as it happened here; and it seems to me that if a sick woman, weak and emaciated from dyspepsia, can live twenty-one days without food, it ought to be possible for a man endowed with good health and a liberal allowance of adipose material, backed by a strong will, to remain for forty days, though perhaps this reasoning is not altogether logical.—Cor. Boston Transcript.

Advertising is all humbug, unless it call the attention of the public to something indispensable to their welfare, such as Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, which for its wonderful healing powers, has become a household word in most American homes. Sold by A. J. Roberts and Croft & Sherer.

A remarkable ice gorge in Sussex County, N. J., in the heart of Blue Mountain, is attracting attention and is much visited by the lovers of curious sights. The ice gorge is several hundred yards in extent, ten to thirty feet deep, with caves and clefts in the rocks where the ice lies. It is located a very short distance from the mountain. The shade at the gorge is dense, the sun apparently never penetrating it. The bottom of the gorge is filled with ice and the little caves and crevices are filled with it. It is a natural ice-house; hundreds of tons might be taken out without appreciably decreasing the whole. Much of it, no doubt, has lain there for years, the mass gradually melting and being added to each year. The thermometer, which registered in the nineties in Newton, marked thirty-eight degrees at the bottom of this gorge, too far from the mountain to be influenced by its rays. A few feet from the bottom of the gorge a spring of most delicious sparkling water bubbles up. The water in this spring stands at thirty-four degrees—about as cold as one could comfortably drink it.—Middleton (N. Y.) Argus.

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